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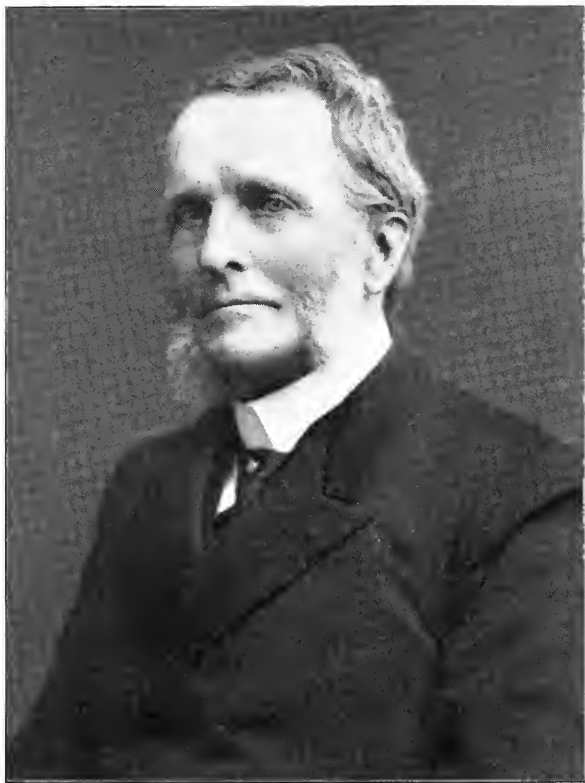
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AUTUMN LEAVES FROM MAPLESIDE

—BY—

Sullivan Holman McColleston

Grace T. Hayden



S. H. MCCOLLISTER AT 80. D. D. AND D. LIT.

AUTUMN LEAVES FROM MAPLESIDE

BY SULLIVAN HOLMAN McCOLLESTER

GATHERED UPON HIS EIGHTIETH
BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER 18TH
1909 — AND AFTER

AUTHOR OF "AFTER-THOUGHTS OF FOREIGN LANDS AND CAPITAL CITIES,"
"BABYLON AND NINEVAH THROUGH AMERICAN EYES,"
"ROUND THE GLOBE IN OLD AND NEW PATHS,"
"MEXICO, OLD AND NEW."

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION



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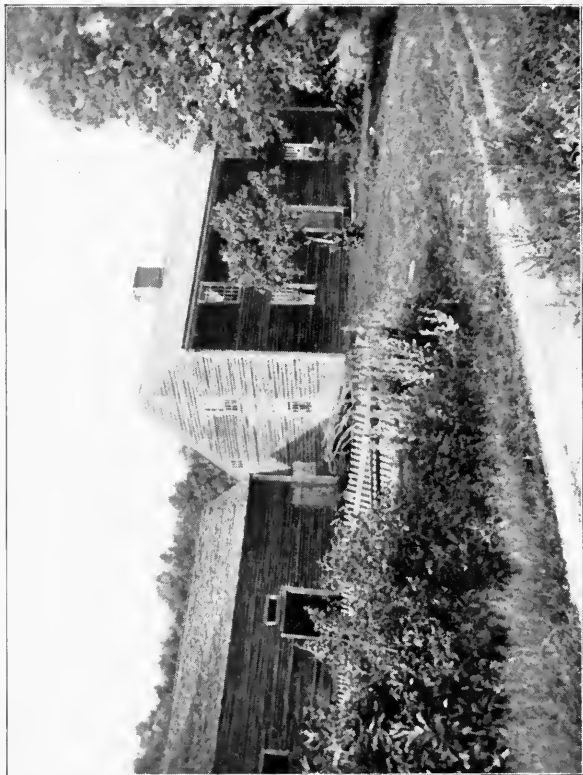
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DEDICATED TO FRIENDS AND STUDENTS
WORTHY TO BE REMEMBERED
AND LOVED

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**AUTUMN LEAVES
FROM MAPLESIDE**



BIRTHPLACE OF SULLIVAN HOLMAN MCCOLLISTER

THANKS FOR THE BLESSINGS OF FOURSCORE YEARS.

I.

All thanks to God for the old home,
Composed of hill and dale,
Of day and night, large house and barn,
Amidst shades and blooms pale
With flowers bright, meadows and woods,
Fair rising and setting
Of sun, moon and all lustral orbs,
And outlook far reaching.

Still more for parents, fond and just,
Sisters and brothers true,
Ancestors, wise and full of hope,
Affording joys, not few.
How could he fail to give heart-thanks
For such a childhood home!
It was quite full of hope and life,
And duties, not irksome.

He thanks Thee, O God, Thou hast made
Love to abound!
Enriching heart with trust and joy,

And laughter's sound,
That in the loneliest byways
Sweet bliss be found.

He thanks and worships Thee, Most High !
For flowers in summer
And pearls of dew ; in winter, snow,
That faces may glimmer
With life and joy, and hope and song,
Thus giving wings to time,
That days and years fly very fast
Onward to life's full prime.

Yes, thanks for school-days long ago
When, clad in his red frock,
He sat up straight on hard, front board,
Hearing no tick of clock.
When nearly through the hard three R's
He rose to the back seat ;
Soon left the common for high school
And found it a great treat.

To school he went years out of town ;
When fitted for college
To Norwich and Cambridge he went
For culture and knowledge ;
At graduation he resolved
To teach for vocation,
To help the young to understand
Real growth and fruition.

Always he had striven for true culture ;
As he had studied books, men and nature,
He longed and strove earnestly for wisdom,
To dwell near God and work in His kingdom.
When other youths would seek the woods and
 brook,
From choice in quietness would take a book,
To learn of men and things, all good and true,
To build up character with facts, not few ;
So his spare hours ran not to waste nor sport,
To live altogether in passion's fort.

As onward he advanced in truth,
 Though amply blest,
He could ne'er find a stopping place
 Of perfect rest,
Nor did he pray to, till he had gained
 The highest crest.

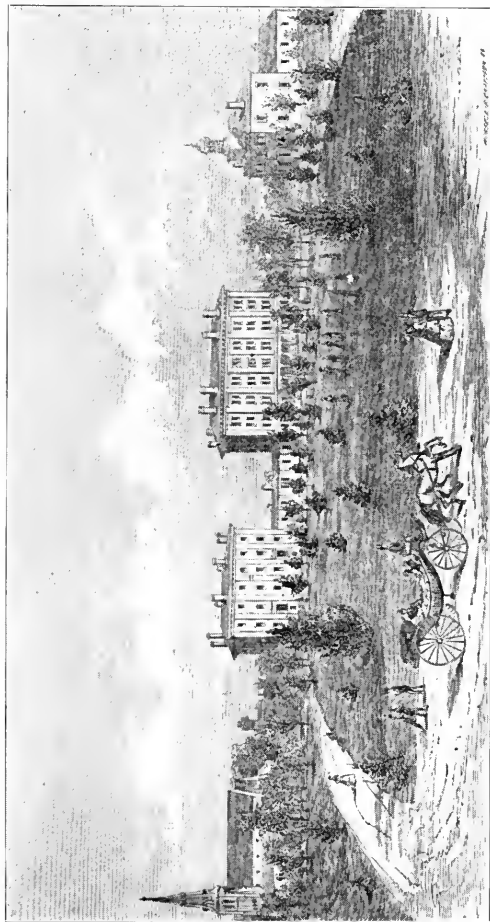
At length he joined the ministry
 To his first high calling,
That he might lead securely on
 From ways most appalling,
To help young minds to see and know
 The godly given them,
Reflected plain from rose and star,
 As shown in Bethlehem.

All thanks for his own pleasant home,
The prize of hearts made one,
Blessing it with Ada, Carrie,
Lee and Fay from heav'n won;
Each came in sweetness full of life.
But suddenly all left
Save one, breaking the heart with grief,
So tryingly bereft.

O, thanks for son still left on earth,
To grow to full manhood
With heart and mind well disciplined,
To work for highest good.
Very successful has he been
In preaching the Gospel,
And leading many souls to Christ,
And on God's love to dwell.

II.

'Tis not the physical alone
That makes precious kinship,
If heart and soul are not in it,
False is relationship;
Then selfishness will mount the horse
And ride on for mere pelf;
But let kinship come from the heart,
For others 't will give self.



WESTBROOK SEMINARY AND COLLEGE, 1869

Since great light has fallen on earth
From higher life and shore,
To prove the risen are alive,
To die ne'er any more,
The heart cannot too thankful be
For such news from above !
The realm of God is all crowded
With his goodness and love.

It is not crushing now to bear
Hard pain from sudden blow,
For sure the Rock has been smitten,
Whence waters of life flow ;
If heart sorrows for dear ones gone,
If for them it does long,
It feels that God has led them on,
And he can do no wrong.

The Comforter has surely come
Through him who is the way ;
He sets the gate of death ajar
To show the cloudless day,
To help the eye of faith to see
The glory of heaven
And throngs of friends gone on before,
To advance in Eden.

For this clear spiritual sight,
A mind to know and love,

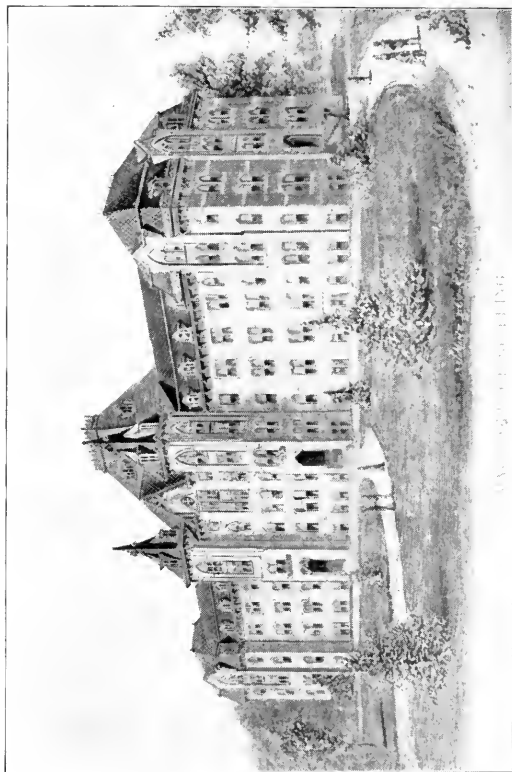
For these sacred, holy longings,
Which our high heirship prove :
For lives aiding one another
Under the smile, or rod ;
For Amaranth secured aloft,
He thanks Thee, O, his God !

He 'd learned the mystery of growth duly,
Not to misjudge mortal changes, decay,
But know, we only hold treasures truly,
When first, it seems, they sure are gone for
aye.

III.

He offers thanks for his success
While teaching district school
In goodly Richmond and Walpole,
With pupils true to rule :
At maturity many filled
With honor good places
At home, abroad in public ways,
Displaying rare graces.

He was Principal full two years
Of Walpole graded school ;
Of Mount Cæsar Seminary
For nearly five years' rule ;



BUCHTEL COLLEGE, 1878

Of Westbrook Seminary, Maine,
For nine years very sure ;
Whose faithful students were anxious
Their powers to inure.

Through strong, urgent calls he became,
Without seeking it true,
The Regent of Buchtel College,
When all was fresh and new ;
For six years he was President ;
Then by agued illness
From this high office he resigned,
To win back healthfulness.

To make a new college alive
Is no easy affair ;
But founder, faculty and all
Did work with special care,
To make the college notable,
Where students could enter
And graduate with high honor,
And patrons could center.

All thanks to Thee, Most Holy One !
That this work did advance,
That college soon did win a name
For thrift and vigilance,
For order and scholarship high,
And strict moral culture ;

To put in place of wornout themes.
Devout ethic nurture.

So students free in mind and heart
Could worship the Most High;
Yet charged in classics and science,
Exactness to apply,
According to rule and logic;
Thus they were trained to think
And led to seek high attainment,
And of Christ-waters drink.

IV.

So leaving college with regret
Because of failing health, he went
Abroad to lands as amoret,
For fairest and rarest things, sent.

He felt the highest vocation
Is teaching mind to think and seek
For true knowledge without pretense,
Yet making it polished and meek.

For pleasures real on land and sea;
For knowledge from afar;
For visits oft to school and church
To bless heart and not mar:

For all the wondrous and grand works
Of creation in sight ;
As these were really seen and felt
He thanks God with his might.

To walk where Christ and prophet trod,
And sick folk had been healed,
And many wonders had been wrought
And highest truth revealed ;
To have what has been mystery
Opened up to be clear ;
For these all thanks to God on high
For his bright light, so dear !

For climbing up Mount Lebanon,
For bathing in Jordan,
For outlook from Mount Olivet,
For seeing fount of Dan.
For sight of stars o'er Bethlehem,
For rest in Bethany,
Devoutest thanks Holy Father
For such a blest meiny !

'Tis good to count and con these o'er,
And so renew the sights
Through active, strong, mental efforts
In clear, divinest lights :
Yet after all, 'tis mind that sees,
When thrilled through with the good ;

The soul lives not on things of sense,
But on eternal food.

He's traveled many thousand miles ;
Has been wrecked twice at sea ;
Still in his wand'rings here and there,
From harm he has been free.
O God, thanks to Thee for safety !
Most kind thou hast e'er been
Through day and night, storm and sunshine,
That knowledge he might win.

V.

He feels now we need n't go abroad
For the delectable ;
For right here in our own blest land
Are things most valuable :
Admire the scenes of Italy,
Or high Swiss mounts and lakes ;
Sure these do n't surpass in grandeur
Our loftiest estates.

Huge rocks do rise sublimely high
In Yosemite Dale !
Niagara and White Mountains,
And Wondrous Mammoth Vale, .

Have no equals in foreign lands :
Ours stand superb and best,
Whether studied separately,
Or viewed with all the rest.

Our national institutions,
Our schools and churches free,
Produce better results than all
Across the wide, deep sea.
Electrics, telegraphs and 'phones,
Originated here :
All thanks be unto thee, O God,
For legacies so dear !

Here many jewels are unfound
In our own native land,
Which diligence will discover
In quarry, shell and sand,
To hang round the neck of fancy,
As clearest gems to shine
In darkness and bitterest grief,
To furnish light divine.

Our sunsets, O yes, how splendid !
And shooting Northern lights !
The clouds, how brilliant with colors
That deck loftiest heights !
The soft twilight, how it lingers
Exciting pure feeling,

That mind may be induced to know
The worth of high being.

What progress is in store for mind set free,
From earthly drawbacks and allowed to see
The work, begun here, perfected above
And all eternity made helpful love !

Let him, O Father, prize highly this life,
And willing be, to bear its toil and strife,
That all the better fitted he may be
To live and work and grow and dear friends see.

VI.

The seen we just begin to know,
However long we live ;
It cannot otherwise be true
Than that our God will give
Opportunity for learning,
As higher up we pass ;
The things which here we could not grasp,
There we 'll know all, alas !

Thus meditating, his own land
Seems the dearest of all ;
His native state, his natal town,
And birthplace claim first call ;



HOME OF S. H. MCCOLLISTER, 1909

The home where he has longest lived,
Holds first choice on his part;
So Mapleside, his domicile,
Is dearest to his heart.

His great grandsire first purchased it;
His parents long owned it;
He chanced here, and here he abides,
To till and to plant it
With fruit trees, maples and chestnuts,
And cedars and roses;
Here glows the sun, early and late;
In peace the day closes.

Contentment he has here enjoyed
With high-minded consort,
Much loved children and truest friends,
Making a sweet resort.
His library of books is here;
Each one, he knows, commends
High thinking and devout living,
That life be all amends.

In his study away from noise
He has held communion
With Moses, David, Paul and John,
Shakespeare and Washington,
Franklin, Emerson and Homer,
With throngs of followers,

To prove *experience, the teacher*,
And all men his scholars.

He finds it pleasant to recall
How he induced brothers
To aim aloft, seeking knowledge
In high school with others,
Whose parents felt this could not be ;
Still to his school they went ;
In learning great progress they made
With strong minds rightly bent.

This pleased parents and gained consent
For them to college go ;
They worked their way, graduating
With class honors, not low ;
Then for awhile studied and taught
With eminent success ;
As debts were paid, one his mind-force
To healing did address.

The other in his seeking strove
To master chemistry,
Being proficient in science
And laws of his country ;
Both already in their line are
Adepts and widely known ;
The chemist is authority
From his science-seed sown.

Dear sisters, too, he encouraged
To fit themselves to teach;
All these did patronize his school,
And for knowledge did seek:
At length some taught with good success,
Later helped make good homes,
Crowning them with Christian graces
And love's bright polished domes.

All thanks and praise he gives to God
For these precious blessings
On this his Eightieth Birthday!
For all these his heart sings
Gladdest pæans of praise and cheer,
To keep the mind from age,
And conscious how little it knows
Of infinite knowledge.

Still ne'er has he so longed to know
As now of wisdom's ways;
As he looks through the glass of time,
Here and there and always,
He sees signs of ever living,
That mind may seek and know
High truth below, high truth above,
Which sets all things aglow.

He knows gold is still in the rocks
Of ages to be found,

Which diligence 'll delight to find,
And diamonds in the ground,
Which culture will seek for till found,
For these are beautiful;
When seen by one of thought and taste,
They are truly helpful.

VII.

Already science has unfurled
Its colors, doing things
In earth and far extended sky,
To clip electric wings;
Thus these bright bubbles on the rim
Of eternity glow,
To show that mind in the saint-land
Can great truths come to know.

To keep young, one must think and do
To help and bless truly,
That goodness shall end in ripeness
And wrong shall die surely.
So aided he does with his might
The duty close at hand,
Conscious the All-Wise 'll compensate
All doing his command.

The prayer on his birthday is
That Deity may hold

All souls, young and old, in his arms,
 Bearing them to his fold,
That they may e'er live, love and grow,
 Rapidly advancing,
Giving devout thanks to the Lord
 That life is unending.

VIII

Sermons three thousand has he preached ;
 Funerals attended
Numbering sure fifteen hundred
 With weddings oft blended :
A thousand lectures he's given
 On culture and travels
In his country and Great Britain
 Upon hill and levels.

Through these changes hair has silvered,
 The crowfoot marked the face,
To show the house in which he lives,
 Is falling in its place.
These transits do not affect him ;
 He feels young as afore.
So should it be, let flesh grow old,
 And mind grow young in lore.

“Old age of youth is forty years,”
 Declares Victor Hugo ;

Yet eighty years seem young to him,
As onward he does go,
The spring time only of soul-life ;
It is his chiefest noy
To know, he 's done little for men,
While Christ *died* for their joy.

Descending now the sunset slope
Thoughtfully he would plan,
To admire the works of nature,
To serve God and help man.
As earth's drama shall seem to close
He longs to hear the call,
"Up higher, come away from earth,
To thank God for it all."

IX.

The little child he knows relies
On an arm not his own,
Conscious he is not strong nor wise ;
He shuns the dark, alone ;
But let kind parents be at hand,
Tenderly to abide,
And he at once is shorn of fear,
For true love is his guide.

Thus let man in his God confide,
Whatever then befall,

On him surely he can rely,
 Heeding always his call;
Then, though he may seem to stumble,
 God will not let him fall,
But keep him humble and thankful,
 To love him most of all.

Heart-thanks to Thee, O God, for having made
 Love to abound
In earth below and in all realms above,
 To bring around
The ultimate rescue of every soul,
 A work profound!
So neither life, nor death, nor change below,
 Nor change above,
Can ever separate us, while we live,
 From his great love,

X.

Eye hath not seen nor tongue hath told,
 Nor ear hath heard it sung,
How joyous, if body be old,
 The heart can e'er be young!
Thanks, O God, to Thee, when old age
 Has strong muscle unstrung,
That mind, the most exalted gift,
 Can keep advanced years young.

Then let whatever will betide
 To hinder or oppose,
If only he press on in life,
 Heaven will be its close.
What though the road be very rough,
 It can't be very long :
He'll smooth it with hope and good cheer
 And most celestial song.

To stand still is always hurtful ;
 We should be active now,
That when the close of life shall come,
 There'll be sweat on the brow ;
The Master then will be smiling
 At setting of the sun,
And 'll say, "Good and faithful servant,
 I pay thee with *well done*."

Thus many of our precious ones
 Have passed to the bright shore ;
So it was with Christ and apostles
 And all, wise in true lore.
May he have like experience
 As he'll cross the river
To friends, so many, tried and loved
 To be a true liver.

There meeting all whom he has known
 And honored in earth-land ;

How glad this will make mind and soul
To be 'midst that vast band,
To live and act forevermore
In serving Highest will!
This 'll make heaven so sweet a boon
As sainted minds to thrill.

So long as helpful he can be
To near and distant friends,
O God, let him remain on earth,
To tell how thy love sends
All things divine to human souls,
But when the body numbs,
Then speedily let him depart
Whither no evil comes;

To live, love, learn, work and grow there,
The mortal laid aside,
That he no longer be hindered
In doing what 'll abide;
Where life consists in knowing God
And him whom he hath sent.
Then for such favors may his thanks
Forevermore be spent!

XI.

All we can take through the gates ajar
Is just what we are;

No gold, no pearls, no great wealth will remain
The pure soul to stain.

Yet, over the dark Jordan we can go
Without any foe,
By clasping the Father's hand, heeding his voice
From our own free choice.

Thus our dark, earthly, silent, starless night
Will be changed to light,
As radiant faces welcome us there,
Freed from sin and care.

After harvest of sowing eighty years,
Here is sweet rest in spite of work and tears,
As memory stores up shocks of stray wheat,
To feed and cheer the heart in glad retreat,
Making ready for smooth passage ahead,
To be nearer God than ever before
In thought, feeling, doing, loving far more
Than possible, as mortal, heretofore.



S. H. MCCOLLISTER AT 50. A. B. AND A. M.

NEEDED HELP.

Revealed, it is to us always,
As time on wings rushes along,
That God's tender and fond embrace
Is holding us lovingly strong.

'T is not alone 'mid joy and smiles,
Our hearts and minds grow wise and true,
The larger growth is in the shade
Where pain and sorrow have their due.

Tears often prove glasses to souls;
Sweet love may come by sore despair,
Enriching life by lasting gain,
To fix affections on things fair.

Experience proves more and more,
As we journey on each new day,
That light from the good Father's face
Is shining full upon our way.

So 'midst all life's bright tints and shades,
We can hold fast the Father's hand,
And be assured through night and day,
That he will guide to the Home Land.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Is what ? 'Tis virtue, 'tis truth, 'tis goodness,
Religion and wisdom joined with meekness ;
'Tis the bow of hope, the sunbeam of love,
A gem and pearl from pure heaven above ;
'Tis the beauty of beauties, angel's dove,
To conduct our hearts to Infinite Love,
To grow us to highest capacity,
Dwelling on earth or in eternity.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Last New Year's day was fair as May ;
The sky was blue with deepest ray ;
O'er hills and in the vales was snow,
Making a splendid crystal glow.

The boys and girls were all astir
With sleds and skates, wearing no fur ;
The air was filled with cheerful song,
Causing the day to speed along.

The birds of winter as of yore,
Did their best to fly afore ;
The puffy chickadee and jay
Seemed bound to make a gala day.

Young men called on young ladies fair,
To wish them joy and bliss most rare :

The old and worn remained indoors,
To con their joys and do their chores.

Some sorrowed at the empty chair,
The unread book and lock of hair;
The year had changed joys and gladness
To hours of tears and lone sadness.

Since God does always for the best;
This truth divine imparts soul-rest;
'Tis passing out of lone drear night
Into a day of brightest light.

As we study inspiration
We learn of the soul's duration,
How 't was born to live forever
And do with highest endeavor.

So death turns gross darkness to light;
Thus putting off weakness for might;
The past with joy we now recall
And hope on with no fear at all.

To this end we climb New Year's wall
With joy and hope, dreading no fall,
Enjoying scenes, future and past,
To build up character to last.

This was my New Year's rosary
With strangely varied glossary,
Inwoven with snow and flowers,
To end time in Eden Bowers.

EASTER.

Glad Easter's here again !
Accompanied with beauty of spring ;
Its bells far and wide are clear ringing ;
To hearts the sweetest joys 'tis bringing
Without any refrain.

Now hope lights up the way ;
In woods and vales flowers are springing ;
In copse and orchards birds are singing ;
And brooks, purling and free, are pouring
Out music night and day.

Now sorrow finds relief,
Since Easter proclaims, " Christ is risen " ;
The tomb, no longer a dark prison,
But window of light in profusion,
To fill souls with belief.

The stone is rolled away ;
Sad hearts need no longer to sorrow,
For life and comfort it can borrow,
To soothe and bless, today and morrow,
The soul, yes, and for aye.

We should welcome Easter,
As the key to many a mansion
Where dwell lost friends through blest ascension.
Whose names we love and often mention,
Perfecting character.

OUR EDA.

She was a darling, bright,
With eyes all light ;
Her cheeks were rosy red,
With beauty fed.

Her hair was flaxen silk,
Without least bilk ;
Her features allured sure
The hearts, all pure.

Awake, she was astir,
Yet all loved her ;
In act helpful she 'd be
As all could see.

Precocious, keen in mind
The new to find,
A leader, with her mates,
As caused by fates.

And she felt all to bless,
And none depress ;
Her soul was full of cheer,
Causing no fear.

Nice things she did enjoy,
Yet ever coy ;
Her voice was sweet and strong,
So felt the throng :

As she would sing to them
Of Bethlehem,
Giving joy to the place
With happy grace.

She was the light of home,
Being ne'er unwelcome :
We 'd dreamed dreams of her
Without a blur.

Yet brief were her summers,
Though health was hers,
Before a messenger
Came down eager,

And translated Eda,
Our blest Eda,
From our home to heaven,
Our hearts riven.

But he who gave the child
So fair and mild,
Did lift the veil and showed
How his works glowed !

And how she lives to know
And upward go,
With cherished ones for aye
With all to say :

“Advance through all æons
With orisons
To God, knowing, loving,
And still growing.”

DANDELION.

The dandelion has once more come,
To drop blossoms of gold
On lawn and meadow, to welcome
Sweet flowers, manifold ;

To multiply fast in the fields
As warm, balmy winds blow,
Increasing from one, countless yields,
To make the landscape glow.

These gems of gold so thick in grass,
As making fairies smile,
And human eyes sparkle to pass,
Are ever free from guile.

They become more beautiful still,
As the gold turns to white,
Forming wondrous seed-globes on hill
And plain, ever in sight.

As their seeds perfect rise aloft
On wings by help of wind,

They seem to be celestial oft,
And moved by will of mind.

The dandelions thus are exalted,
Imparting lessons high,
To help souls be wise and sainted
And feel, God is near by.

EARLY SPRING.

Once more fresh spring has come,
To make all new,
To arch the vales and hills
With deepest blue ;
The sparrows have their wills
And robins, too.

Warm rains and sunshine fall
In turn and mass,
To grow things great and small,
The bud and grass,
To cover field and wall,
To be first-class.

Leafage soon robes the woods,
To be all fanned
By breeze from shore and sea,
Mountain and land,
For a panacea,
Ever at hand.

The arbutus now smiles
 In the lone dell ;
The bluets star the fields
 Without a knell ;
Cold winter to spring yields
 With joyous spell.

Now earth is full of life
 With all so new ;
For spring brings forth summer
 With crystal dew
And would have all glimmer
 For rarest view.

Who does n't like early spring
 With its high calls,
“ Up higher in the light
 Where nothing palls,
But all live where 't is bright
 And naught enthralls ? ” .

JUNE.

O June! delightsome month of June!
When all on earth appear in tune!
You put on finish sure to spring,
As all her bells do widely ring;
You usher in the glad summer,
While voices breathe not a murmur;
You give the world the longest day
And bring it forth with lustrous ray
And paint its close with choicest hues
And spray its fields with sparkling dews.
The vireo now sweetly sings,
As on the limb she calmly swings.
O June! the month of bluest skies!
And numberless gay butterflies!
All things below declare you best!
So carols lark when near her nest.
The sweetest scent from every rose
Delights us as the wind oft blows;
Red clover smiles being in bloom,
And timothy waves high its plume;
The bee, as light reflects the morn,
Goes forth to fill with sweets her horn;
At night even the stars above
Appear to drop new rays of love.
Thus nature sings to all in tune,
“No other month can equal June!”

The mounts of Eden glow her sheen,
To furnish thoughts and joys serene.
O, come, securely pleasant June!
And pitch all souls in perfect tune!
To sing great praise to you in name
Because of all the months, *the dame!*
So may all hearts be one at noon,
At morn and night, to honor June!

A SUNDAY RIDE WITH CARRIE.

The morn was fair and very bright ;
A voice bid us away ;
So Carrie and myself made haste,
To ride that sacred day.

Our course was down through the valley
By river wide and grand ;
Of which great poets have sweetly sung
And art painted the land.

It was the early summer time ;
All was alive with praise ;
The clover was in bloom and birds
Did songs of gladness raise.

The ride with its inspiring views,
So filled us with the good

That on arrival at the church
We were in holy mood.

Over the hills was our return ;
Most charming was the way !
When height of land was gained, we there
Desired to stop and stay.

But as this would n't do, on we drove
And soon reached Spofford Lake,
The most beautiful water gem
In all the Granite State.

Its surface was like polished glass,
Reflecting along shore
Grand trees, neat cottages and men
Seeking for ease and lore.

As Carrie observed, felt and thought,
She was filled with delight ;
As we approached a woodsy spot,
We stopped, O, what a sight !

Mayflowers starred all the rich ground ;
Dismounting, soon the hands
Were loaded full of sweet blossoms
Which were tied fast with bands.

Soon nosegays were made for mother
Of blooms most pinky white ;

Suddenly she looked up to me
With eyes flashing sharp light ;

Exclaiming, " Papa, are n't you glad,
You have a good daughter
To ride and go to church with you ? "
" Yes," came forth instanter !

She had been bright sunbeams of light
All through the ride and day !
Now verily 'midst flowers rare,
She was a lovely Fay !

In heaven she was needed sure,
For less than a fortnight,
A messenger at twilight came
And bore her from our sight.

Through faith now only to be seen,
Thrilled with glad joys on high,
Amidst perennial flowers,
Too beautiful to die !

OUR PINERY.

I planted out the trees with care
After they were dug up as rare,
In woods near and across the sea,
To beautify the lawn and lea.
There was delight in setting them
Out, as voices sang glad anthem :
Because, when they should grow in size,
It was felt they would be a prize,
To break the wind from Mapleside,
That far off it might safely glide.
Then as the breeze should stir the leaves
The sweetest music from the trees
Would cheer the heart and calm the mind,
Tending to make life pure and kind.
We were engaged in this good scheme
For others, to render supreme
In giving joy and real comfort,
As they should make it their resort,
In winter cold, to break the blast ;
In summer hot, to cool air fast.
But Providence keeps us alive
To see his forces act and strive,
To grow sprouts to large, shady trees,
Making a home for birds and bees
All through the long days of the year ;
As frosts arrive and leaves fall sear

Bluejays, titmouse and squirrels claim
A share in it without least blame,
To enjoy its evergreen shade,
As fine and fair as can be made.
From windows as we throw out corn
Down they hasten on snow or lawn,
To pick it up and bear aloft,
To eat, or hide, to become soft.
Our Pinery now seems a gift
From God for a divine uplift
To heart and soul in many ways
Without any long, sad delays.
It proffers physical bequests,
And gratifies reflective guests,
As moving limbs cut arcs and curves
And ellipsoids which the wind serves.
To the ear it appeals in strains
Of sweet concord without refrains,
As leaves are moved, making music,
Æolian and estatic,
It speaks to heart of God and life,
How it was made without harsh strife
From the seen and invisible,
To teach, spirit is possible,
Yea, the mother of all things seen,
More real than matter, to redeem
And bring eternal life to light,
Showing translated friends in sight.

No wonder the Greeks supplied woods
With sylphs, nymphs, elves and strange goods
For trees were temples for their gods
Under which priests girded with ephods
Worshipped and worshipped oft and long,
Serving gods in prayers and song.
Our Pinery one God reveals,
Who, as Father, every soul seals.

OCTOBER.

The year is made splendid
By charms of October !
The sun spreads gold on mountain top ;
The stars by night ne'er make a stop,
And harvest gives abundant crop,
That none be sober.

For while this month gilds leaves
For nature's fair cover,
It paints tall tree and lowly herb,
And renders hill and vale superb,
And puts the ugly under curb,
To glint October.

Russet cheeked, ruby crowned,
Hies in bright October !
Woodbine and ivies twine his crest,

While leaves of splendor robe his breast,
And his feet in aster tufts rest
Amid red clover.

A king of all the months
Is golden October !
He rules in glory on the hills
And sways his sceptre by cool rills,
And magnificent works he builds
All the earth over.

It is no useless thing
To admire October !
To live in his fair blue weather,
To roam fields with friends together,
As free as birds of a feather,
Clasped firm together.

Dear friend now struggle on
Till earthly toil's over ;
You rise by help of by-gone years ;
As Jordan, its darkness gone, nears
With peerless diadem appears
Your own October.

FAY BOY.

A darling child was he,
As ever there could be ;
He was delightful round my study chair ;
His body, head and heart,
Seemed just right from the start
So we felt, he 'll long be with us, so fair.

But sickness came to him ;
His eye soon became dim,
And suddenly our Fay was borne from sight
Filling our hearts with grief
And no conscious relief,
For sorrow and darkness shut out all light.

Still we could n't think him dead,
As his form lay in bed,
Though his eyes were closed and his cold hands still,
Yet the child so beloved
Could only be removed
To higher conditions by Divine Will.

Such feeling dried the tears
And somehow quelled the fears,
That we might know, "It is well with the child,"
That God hath taken him
To dwell with seraphim,
That henceforth he might shun the wrong and wild.

So in daily prayer
To God our tried hearts dare
Submit to his will and sad Providence,
Feeling his ways are just
And so in him we 'd trust,
Our Fay Boy is living, in innocence.

Yes, he lives ; tell us where ?
Near us everywhere ;
Not in the raiment he was wont to wear,
That hath returned to dust,
As sure all bodies must,
However, the beautiful child isn't there.

It is spirit that lives ;
To this the Father gives
Eternal life that sorrow we may bear,
And dwell at his right hand
In midst of kindred band,
And so in heaven meet our Fay Boy there.

ASCENT OF LITTLE FEET.

What was the music sound
 Heard I oft,
 Very soft,
As I wandered around :
 Was it rain
 On the pane,
Then falling on the ground
 Which I heard,
 Not absurd ?

Nay, something far more fleet,
 Here and there,
 On the stair :
Sounds came of little feet,
 Not of gloom
 To my room,
As they my ear did greet,
 Dear Carrie,
 Eda, fairy !

Smiling with fair faces
 On the floor
 Through the door,
Yet with pleasing graces
 Did their feet,
 Most complete,

Echo joy from their prances,
As they ran
Without plan.

So their wee feet did fall,
Fast clatter,
Soft patter,
Through house and through the hall,
Till one day
They fell prey
In body to death's call,
And their feet
Echoed sweet,
As they passed up to God.

MONADNOCK.

Southward turn, O Time, in thy flight!
That I may enjoy clearest sight,
As I was wont to in boyhood,
When nature promised only good,
To feed, replenish and bless mind
With landscapes finest of their kind!
Not far southward beyond the dale
There he mostly stood with no veil.

Young hearts would surely thrill and leap,
As the sun o'er his head would creep!

Setting summit and all aglow,
With silver fired, making great show,
As the sun rose towards high noon,
To prove himself a precious boon
By setting hills and vales on fire,
To furnish hearts all they desire.

Then Old Monadnock was monarch!
His head above soaring of lark;
Delighting to entice clouds near,
That they might kiss with no fear,
Yielding at once to his command
And willingly clasp his great hand,
Crowning beautifully his brow
Forcing all below him to bow.

It is delightful to be born
Where hills, plains, dales and woods adorn
Landscapes for beauty, unsurpassed,
Producing impressions that last,
To turn thoughts from earth-scenes above,
To admire God's vastness and love,
Showing whence come the great and small,
To call forth deepest thanks for all.

When a small boy I could but ask,
Whence, how is Monadnock so vast?
Feeling, he must be very old,
Being grey and worn with age and mould.

Geology surely has found
Traces far back through stone and ground
Footprints made by measureless time,
And facts cut into hardest lime.

'T is said he slipped from nature's lap,
As she was producing full map
Of New Hampshire, grand and sublime!
Mount Washington, near first in time,
Leading forth Old Man of the Notch,
Famed 'bove anything, English or Scotch;
Could he come by mere accident?
His incoming was provident.

Watchman and warden has he stood
With scepter swaying e'er for good.
Mayflower he saw enter port,
Pilgrims he saw build a strong fort,
And how all settled on Plymouth's shore,
Establishing church, school and more,
That freedom of conscience might reign
Supreme on every hill and plain.

Sentinel was he as he saw
Bunker Hill-fight without least law,
And poor Indian long before,
Roaming wilderness and seashore,
Pitching wigwam by brook and spring,
That he might dwell in peace and sing;

He saw white man come here and take
The land as his, a sad mistake.

Old Monadnock, honor to Thee !
For what thou hast been and wilt be !
Thy fame extends over the earth ;
Thy name is dear in gloom and mirth ;
Ever thou dost proudly behold
Thousands of homes, ne'er to be sold ;
Whose inmates do enjoy real life,
Relieved of fear and anxious strife.

Throngs have climbed to thy pinnacle,
Regarding it no miracle,
To see the settlements and lakes,
Affording views best, nature makes.
As I looked from Lebanon Mount,
Alpines, Rockies, these could not count
Against thy fair prospects and reign
O'er landscapes, beautiful and plain.

Thou 'st been help, cheer and strength to me
In rounding the whole world to see
Peoples, sights and institutions,
Mindful of thy exhibitions ;
Thou gavest joy in youthful days,
As I would look with earnest gaze
At morn, to see thee in gold-blaze,
Or at sunset aglow with praise.

Thy head at my home still in sight,
Thou givest sure greatest delight!
Thou art true weather predictor,
And sometimes wild storm dictator!
Pleasure I feel to acknowledge
Thee monarch of thy realm, and pledge
Thee admiration and true love,
Till God doth call us all above.

ANGELIC AID.

Do we feel and know that
Hand in hand we range
With angels all the way
Through this world of change?
Far sweeter voices call us
Upward than we think,
As heavenward we go,
Escaping each brink.

We know something guides us,
That is out of sight,
And leads us lovingly
Into paths of right;
Its arms and hands are n't felt
By our mortal grasp;
Soul to soul always clings
With tenderest clasp.

This seraph leadership,
Felt every day,
Should ever be prized more
Than language can say.
The higher only aids
The lower and leads
It on and up to God,
Doing worthy deeds.

SUNSET OF LIFE.

The river is calmest, meeting the tide ;
The flowers are sweetest at eventide ;
The birds sing happiest at close of day ;
Man seems noblest when just passing away.

Morning is wide awake, ev'ning has charms
That soothe and quiet with most cordial balms ;
And weary man must like her sure the best,
For morning says *hard work*, but evening, *rest*.

Night comes so gently and so softly bears
Peacefulness as hushing with seraphs airs,
To speed and strengthen men in their race
To banish weariness from every face.

How all becomes hushed and still as night throws
Round earth and sky her calmness and repose !

To brood and nourish a helpful power,
Which cannot be secured from morning hour.

While day lasts man must labor on and pray
Let whatever come to pass as it may :
Thus it is in time and all through this life ;
There can't be rest amidst physical strife.

A HAPPY DAY.

Would you know how this is made?
Confide in God ;
He knows the way, he is staid,
Full of method.
So trust and go on his way,
As he leadeth,
And you will have as fair a day,
As you hopeth ;
Him only trust, that is all ;
Then the day will surely be
Happy whatever befall,
Serenely joyous and free.

Yes, duly trust, love and ask
God's leadership,
And he will give thee no task,
Rather friendship,

To speed thee right onward still
Doing his will,
And thus thy cup of joy fill,
Doing his will;
He who formed thee to do good,
Will not fail to reach his end,
For he is e'er understood,
His succor ready to lend.

Let us put in his keeping
Every care,
Yes, right away ere sleeping,
And we shall fare
In life's severe battle well,
Pressing onward,
Anxious of his love to tell,
Helping upward.
O, how plain is all the way!
Fitted up by the All-Good,
To a truly Happy Day,
When souls feed on angel-food.

NEVER SO LIGHT BEFORE.

Sunlight is one of the best gifts
To mortals while on earth ;
It ope's the bud, the soul uplifts ;
It rarely causes death.

Apply the prism to one white ray.
And lo ! it unfolds seven
Exquisite hues through the assay,
And will mind enliven.

All light is full of great surprise ;
The birds so sing at dawn,
The stars declare it as they rise,
And so the sports of fawn.

It is the force that wakes up life ;
Gross darkness, oh ! how still !
But light sure fills the day with strife,
Yet all's full of good will.

The last words of Goethe spoken
Were these, " Give me more light."
He felt light his soul would quicken
And make all truly bright.

A precious friend passing away,
Truly herself in lore,

As things she often scanned would say
 “Never so light before.”

Her soul seemed to have countless eyes
 To see by one vast Sun
Most clearly that which never dies,
 The life-work being done.

God said at first, “Let there be light,”
 Great darkness fled away,
And earth and heaven felt his might,
 And all proclaimed, “’Tis day!”

As progress has been made onward,
 God’s seal has been more light!
He ’ll not change, as all go upward
 To Mansions always bright.

THE SOUL-LAND.

Across the River, just from sight,
Is Eden, so blissful and so bright ;
It needs no sun for light or heat
Where all classes are wont to meet.

The Master Builder made it fair,
Attractive, sure for all to heir ;
No sin, nor tears, nor sickness blight
That land of bliss just out of sight.

This side the River are death and dismay,
All things are changing and full of decay,
Our day is fleeting and ere it is night,
We cross the River sure, just out of sight.

The River often looks dismal and wide ;
Some fear lest they cannot withstand the tide,
And feel their own garments will not be white,
As they reach the soul-land, just out of sight.

From many dear homes all have gone
On angel wings, feeling no thorn ;
Some go so still and sweetly o'er
The River none hear dip of oar.

All can secure, if they but will, a guide,
Who will conduct and keep them by his side ;
He is the way, the truth and fullest light
To *the soul-land* that is just out of sight.

**THE FOLLOWING POEMS WERE COM-
POSED AFTER THE AUTHOR WAS
PAST HIS EIGHTY-FIFTH
BIRTHDAY**

**MARLBORO
NEW HAMPSHIRE
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SPIRITUAL NEARNESS.

Wherever we wander,
Or in this world go,
Heavenly eyes watch us,
As we little know;
Most tender calls bid us,
“Up higher, onward
In the pathway Christ trod,
Reaping rich reward.”

Do not angels e'er lead
In all divine ways,
Though they be never seen,
Being veiled always?
God is still never seen,
Yet we feel him near,
As we think and live on,
Being very dear.

Why is it in the night,
We wake from sound sleep
And find us communing
With friends very sweet,
Who passed on years before,
Being loved and missed;
Why should we think of them?
Because loved and saved.

Spirits can touch spirits,
They are joined as one,
When true here and always,
Devoted to good done.
We should feel, those throned high,
Often come to us
During the day or night,
To sing sweet chorus.

Were it not for such joy
Life would be so dark;
But the unseen controls
The seen, a sure mark,
To quicken steps upward
Into fadeless light,
And the meeting of friends,
A beautiful sight.

UNSPEAKABLE JOY.

It is a joy to think of friends,
Who have gone on before,
To clearly portray, how all tends
To lighten evermore.

They help us anew to see God
And understand our Christ
By his teachings, deeds and method,
Each, an earnest querist.

He doesn't destroy identity,
Preserving it the same
Here and there, and e'er in safety,
Doing good in God's name.

This lifts mind, sorrowing above,
Feeding it with the bread
Of Celestial life, full of love,
With which angels are fed.

This wakens the spiritual,
Blessing it with new sight,
Rendering it very joyful
In this beautiful light.

Being thus with friends inspiréd,
Who bid us, "Up higher,"
To live and love all things sacred,
Sets heart and mind on fire.

This leads from vales to mountain heights,
While we live here below,
Whence soul enjoys delightful flights
To gilded heights, not slow.

THE GOOD NE’ER LOST.

The kindly look; the gentle word
Which only angels saw and heard;
The secrets of self-sacrifice,
All unnoticed by mortal eyes,
 These are not lost.

The sweet anthem of a lone heart,
Gushing forth far from any mart,
Perchance, in lonely wood or dell
With none enticed by some sweet spell,
 This is sure gain.

Visiting the Silent City,
If tears fall of love and pity,
These change to glasses so to see
Our sainted living still and free;
 This gives great joy.

Let hearts be fixed on things above,
Those things we can forever love;
Then we’ll be building character
Here, now, and always hereafter.
 This is noble.

If we pray and succor the poor,
As best we can in town or moor;
If we recall the afflicted,
Bestowing blessings, warm-hearted;
 This gives more life.

Being kind and helpful to all,
Though some may be spiteful and small;
Returning good for wrong alway
Without any showy display;
This is great gain.

Review the seasons passed away;
Consider what was done each day;
The good still cherish, the evil
Abhor and spurn, as uncivil.
This will be gain.

Let humble prayer e'er ascend,
And, all to Christ and God, commend,
Alike be king and beggar held
In just embrace and still upheld;
Here is no loss.

Over the River there'll be seen
Most clearly in beautiful sheen
Things forgotten and long hidden;
These'll be brought to view as bidden.
Of all, none lost.

DON'T SAY FRIENDS ARE DEAD.

When friends have passed on high
Don't speak of them as being dead;
They have gone where there is no dread,
To live and learn and new things see,
Pressing onward in joyous glee
With dear ones and no sigh.

They are free from all pain,
To be instructed in wisdom
And what belongs to God's kingdom
And meeting those, gone on before,
Advancing in heavenly lore,
With no loss, but great gain.

Mind longs ever to grow;
Today must surpass yesterday,
To be pleasant without delay:
The universe is so immense
It'll take *always*—its facts to sense,
Keeping heart from sorrow.

The translated are blest,
Having lost naught but mortal flesh,
To be clothed with radiance fresh,
To live and advance in knowledge
And new truth constantly allege,
Giving the soul sweet rest.

Of the gone let us speak
Of them, think of them as living,
In soul-form preserved, still loving,
As when with us they laughed and talked,
As hand in hand we fondly walked,
Realizing nothing bleak.

This will strew our pathway
With roses and lilies divine,
And precious stones right from the mine
Of heaven, fadeless and lasting,
Which the angels are e'er dropping,
To beautify our way.

This'll open Paradise,
Leading us through its golden gate,
Giving us bliss without ill fate,
That in darkness we may have light,
And so enjoy celestial sight
Of *ours* in Paradise.

WHAT PAYS?

To live for selfishness
Is vain:
Thus living always brings
Sore pain.

Old manna by keeping
Is spoiled:
Saving by hoarding is
Earth-foiled.

Giving one's soul for gold
Is loss:
Great riches for this world
Is dross.

Some adoring Mammon
There be,
Yet none of them truly
Are free.

The safe way to do is
To give;
Lose one's soul for others
And live.

This was the way of Christ,
We know;
And of martyrs, whose names
Do glow.

Giving makes mind and heart
 To grow,
Blessing soul always in
 Sorrow.

Giving self for others
 Does pay,
As all having tried it,
 Do say.

EACH CLOUD HAS A LINING OF LIGHT.

When left at home alone,
 The beloved all gone;
Then tears are thickly sown,
 And joys are bygone:
When chairs at the table
 Are unoccupied,
And naught now seems stable,
 The heart being tried;
Look aloft! Life's beacon may fall on the sight!
Remember! Each cloud has a lining of light!

As the prisoner hears
 Songs of nightingale
Through bars without least fears,
 But bright hopes regale;

So let us our friends cheer
With kind words and deeds,
As they fall in the rear,
And sow e'er good seeds.
Yes, be gentle! This will lead the erring right!
Remember! Each cloud has a lining of light!

What if some stars do fall
At night from the sky,
The heavens never pall;
Countless others fly
On through limitless space,
Giving splendid light,
To adorn all with grace,
Affording clear sight:
So hope on! In the most dark and dismal night!
Remember! Each cloud has a lining of light!

I saw in the Red Sea
Coral reefs drifting,
To form by-and-by a green lea,
Most healthful, growing
Flowers and fruit enough
To please the trained eye,
Having naught left that's rough,
To call forth a sigh:
Press forward, friend! Making the future most
bright!
Remembering! Each cloud has a lining of light!

OUR FRIENDS BEYOND THE SEA.

When some dear friends whom we have known,
Have crossed beyond the sea,
The lands in which they choose to roam,
Soon near they come to be.

As we see them there, they attract
And draw our hearts thither.
How we long too, to join them there,
That we might see together!

Is it not so, as precious ones
Cross o'er death's silent sea
To the beautiful, fadeless land
Which we so long to see?

We ween, it is so inviting,
God knows it is not best,
We learn now, how it'll draw on us,
Lest we rush to the blest.

For we could not be content here
To bide his time and call,
But would take steps at once to go,
Leaping death's dismal wall.

But as we think and ponder well,
The soul-land is real,
More solid than the earth we tread,
Yes, 'tis ethereal!

We feel more sure of seeing friends
In the heavenly land
Than meeting friends o'er Atlantic,
Though a most loving band.

For ocean may claim their bodies,
As they be homeward bound;
Or death may seize and lay them low
In casket under ground.

But not so with friends freed from earth,
For they live in bodies,
Spiritual and immortal,
Freed from all obsequies.

So we find it encouraging,
Looking aft and afore
To the glad, sure meeting of friends,
Who have gone on before.

THE COMMONEST AND RAREST.

So it is and always has been
In high and lowly places
That things of greatest value seen,
Are rarest graces.

Iron ore is very plentiful
Surely gold is very scarce;
The former is common and useful,
The latter is sparse.

The one is found in mountain piles,
The other, down deep in mines;
For the first we need not go miles;
For gold, we search climes.

Marbles are seen everywhere
In quarry and public square;
But diamonds are scarce, here and there
In sand they do glare.

Oyster shells oft abound in sea,
And divers plunge for them deep.
But only now and then we see
A pearl at their feet.

Labor does set the price on earth
Of all things we come to own;
We toil hardest in time of dearth,
Feeling oft all's flown.

All that comes easy has least price;
What we struggle for hardest
Will be gold in Paradise,
And will last longest.

So every soul that wins high place
In the future must strive hard
And long, or he will fail of grace
To gain high standard.

It is plain, God made us to grow,
Advancing by faithful toil,
Pressing onward without sorrow,
Keeping free from soil.

Thus the commonest and rarest,
Are opposites to be known,
To aid us to gain the fairest
Of things, God has shown.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces e'er wear,
Whate'er betide, foul or fair,
Expressions, lovingly rare.

Beautiful eyes always show
How purest thoughts fire and glow
In minds and hearts while below.

Beautiful voice expresses
Far more than finest tresses,
Or the most showy dresses.

Beautiful hands do real good
In furnishing healthful food,
To keep soul in the best mood.

Beautiful feet strive to go
On errands, free from all woe,
To lane or slum, howe'er low.

Beautiful shoulders will bear
Burdens of all in despair,
Placing them under God's care.

Beautiful lives surpass all,
Living without any fall,
Upward is their constant call.

Beautiful is the setting
Of their sun, so refreshing,
As they pass on e'er blessing.

Beautiful names they have written
High above sin, and given
Joy to others to hearten.

Beautiful things in life pay,
Never bringing least dismay,
Nor self, nor others do slay.

RECALLING VISIT TO LUCERNE.

My mind today
Is far away,
Sailing on cheerful Lucerne Bay,
In a winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Going with lofty peaks o'er mote.
Oh, the mountains!
Rills from fountains!
All surely volcanic remains;
They bring the past
To us so fast,
Telling how they were raised to last.
At dawn they glow
On all below,
And down golden lustre they throw
Upon peasant,
Most abundant,
Awaking all to feel pleasant.
I do wonder,
As I ponder
On the countless mountains yonder
And the deep vales,
So full of tales
And subject to furious gales.

The town Lucerne
All edged with fern,
Has become a city concern,
Admitted by all,
In spring or fall
Or summer, giving it a call.

The city smiles,
Prolonged for miles
In sight of beautiful green isles,
Where beauty stays
And sunshine plays
The year 'round its bewitching lays.

Grassy Rigi,
Watched by Peri,
All free from shili-i-shalli,
Whose top is rock
And sides shamrock,
With trees and clovers on hillock.

We climbed from base
With joyous grace
One bright afternoon at slow pace,
And our reward,
Climbing upward,
Was great, as the sun glowed downward.

Old Pilatus,
Home of Notus,
Of ridged stone and detritus,

We ascended
As light blended
The fair morning in cars crowded.
Oh, wonderous sight!
In early light,
As we stood on the summit height
Looking away
In the clear day,
With countless peaks in great array!
None can picture
Our great rapture,
As we looked from that high posture.
It was so grand
To understand
As we gazed, holding hand in hand.
The great marvel,
All so novel,
Was that nothing now seemed grovel,
But inspiring,
Everlasting,
Altogether was surprising!
Sailing the lake
We did partake
Of great delight for Schiller's sake,
While inspecting
And recalling
How he courted his muse boating.

Then Tell's Chapel,
Full of Gospel,
Was in sight where he did repel
Gesler, his foe,
Which was not slow,
But uplifting to friends below.

Where'er we went
All was lucent
And to the spirit resplendent,
Pleasing the heart,
Full of fine art,
From which we did feel loath to part.

Our visit there
Will always glare
As most thrilling, of anywhere:
We brought away
Without least fray,
Memories that cannot decay.

She that partook,
And these things brook,
Hath passed to Heaven with bright look,
Seeming content
With soul all bent
On being a saintly student.

To see and know,
To love and sow
More than was possible below;

Heart full of love,
Right from above,
Brought by Heaven's carrier dove.

LITTLE THINGS GREAT.

Fitting words in sorrow's hour,
Spoken low;
Or just a bow or flower,
As we go;

A hand shake right from the heart
Warms and clings,
As they sweet comfort impart,
Little things.

To the sick and afflicted,
These are great,
Carefully estimated,
Free from fate;

Little physical kindness
Becomes deep,
When seen by spirit-wiseness,
A soul keep.

Let us not slight little things,
For from these
Character is grown and brings
Perfect ease;

Thereby showing in Heaven
How they live,
Doing little things even,
Constructive.

INWARD LOOK.

The busy day is gone;
Twilight sits on its throne;
Ere eventide rules far and wide
Muse with thyself alone;
See what good thou hast done
Before sleep holds its reign,
That thou mayest feel in God's hands,
There is no lasting pain.

Thy deeds and motives view
Through memory's clear glass,
Thy trained conscience being the judge
And critic as they pass;
Should wrongs be discovered
And thy heart be troubled
Resolve, tomorrow's energy
Shall fully be doubled.

When morning hastens on
O'er hill and plain its light
To bless the day with renewed life,
Let heart rise to the sight,

Going forth to duty
With smiles and love for all
The good, the bad, the high and low
And there'll be no downfall.

Relie not on the seen
For permanent delight,
But on the unseen, the mind's realm,
Upheld by Heaven's might;
Then howe'er the world goes,
With thee 'twill go right
Onward, upward, in higher life
With God most close in sight.

Good company have they
Who by themselves walk,
As did Emerson in Concord,
And with their souls talk.
Such do not feel alone;
Nature and great hearts keep
Them company and in them live,
Enabling them joy to reap.

So drink freely waters
That flow from thy soul-fount,
Filled and supplied with dews and rains
From the Eternal Mount,

And thou wilt enjoy life
And find it worth living
On earth and in Mansions above,
Amidst friends most loving.

THE LORD DIRECTETH.

For he hath called us forth
To love and bless ever,
So we are of real worth,
Made to live forever.
He hath doubled our joy,
Divided our sorrow,
To keep us in employ
Today and tomorrow,
That we may grow Christian graces
With smiles of love on our faces.

Then trust his leadership,
As safe everywhere,
Destroying life's hardship,
And all that is severe.
He'll hold fast to the end
Enabling us to live
And all others befriend,
Thus with him co-active,
Making Heaven right here below
With peace, light, growth and bliss to glow.

Thus sped we'll understand,
God is e'er to remain,
Directing with his own hand
In his wondrous domain,
That we may gain wisdom
And grow, enlarging mind,
To enjoy his kingdom
Above with all mankind,
Doing according to his will,
Ne'er more, experiencing ill.

THE MEETING PLACE.

As life moves on, our thought
Of Heaven changes; at first 'tis great streets
Of gold; then of pearl, dazzling silver seats
And robes dearly bought.

But in the afterwards
It shapes itself anew and more distinct,
A place in which to act, to love and think,
And so advance upwards.

It becomes free from tears,
A place with many a familiar face,
And countless pictures and beauties of grace
Where all at length are seers.

As dear friends come and go,
'Tis made more real, 'tis true, day by day,

As our nearest often hasten away,
To be free from dire foe.

This going to Heaven
Is not to sit still with close folded hands,
But to be active amidst seraph bands,
As facts have sure proven.

Heaven's a place of meeting
Our kindred and all we have truly known,
Reaping actually what each has sown;
So loving true living.

Thus conditioned to grow
Gives inspiration, remaining below,
To do our best to make mind and heart glow,
And be free from sorrow.

This mental condition
Makes true the promise of Christ to mankind,
Giving rest to activity of mind,
While seeking salvation.

Now life is worth living,
And seraph music falls sweet from on high,
Saying, "Up higher, leaving every sigh,
To hear sweetest singing."

There is no sitting still
In Heaven; there's no monotony on high;
'Tis seeing, learning, doing there; God, nigh,
All regarding his will.

So Heaven is all life,
Free from sin; all are helpers, lovers there,
As good prophets and apostles declare,
Righteousness being rife.

Keep the heart full of trust
In God who has created and preserves all,
And death sure will lose its sting and wrong fall
Back to earth, being just.

So the gathering place
Is Heaven where all the good is restored
And man revels in what is most sacred
And full of divine grace.

Yes, the gathering place
Is Heaven; we pass through death to gladness
To reach it, and become free from sadness,
To know sweetest solace.

We do need a foretaste
Of this blissful abode while on the earth,
That we experience no fall nor dearth,
Nor blighting aftertaste.

But rather be hopeful,
Doing the best things possible while below
And so in the footsteps of Christ follow,
Finding them most joyful.

WHERE AND WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Oh! where can soul be satisfied,
Joy for pain be given,
Where mind awakes to highest truth,
And heart revels in lasting youth?

A voice sings, "in Heaven."

But what and where is that abode?
It consists of all love
To God and man everywhere,
Living ever without false glare
Here below or above.

It is not far away in space,
Nor, away off in time,
But here and now enjoyed by all,
Faithful to conscience's highest call,
Doing things most sublime.

Let one think and live his best thoughts
Constantly here below,
And he will advance upward sure
Into a bright, serene future,
Enjoying Heaven's glow.

So eternal Life can be found
And prized highly on earth,
Telling us what it is above
Where our sainted ones live in love,
Advancing with no dearth.

THREE HOURS CONVERSATION WITH J. G. WHITTIER.

Winter had spread out his white robe
All over the face of nature,
Hiding from sight each rough feature,
Making fair this side of the globe.

The day was bright and full of cold,
Still I went from Maine to Boston,
To meet and know a live Briton
And so numerous things unfold.

At Marlboro hotel we met,
And when business was all complete,
I was called and given a seat
By Whittier without regret.

I was soon invited by him
To his room where we did converse
For three hours with nothing adverse,
As we spoke of creed and maxim.

His heart appeared brim full of love
For all of whatever belief
Feeling they did find glad relief
In worshipping a God above.

He said, "the Fatherhood of God
In his own mind and heart clearly
Settled the question condignly
Of man's destiny without clod."

He continued, "All 's working right
In churches and religious world:
Men cannot stand still but are whirled.
From vale and plain to lofty height."

In substance, he said, in God's way
All must work together for good,
Which'll be, as God is understood,
For all things are under his sway.

He felt superstition had reigned
Too long for the good of the race;
And was passing away by grace
Quietly and surely unfeigned.

So he could sing of God's goodness
And Christ's universal power
Which the Father, as his dower,
Had given him for his greatness.

He said that "He could but believe,
Since God sent his own Beloved Son,
To save all souls in due time done,
His promise he would not reprieve.

"For all Christians fail not to pray
That the lost shall sometime be found
And come mentally to be sound,
No more fore'er going astray."

GOD LEADETH.

He leadeth whither we should go,
 To be safe;
Not always in flowery paths,
 Free from chafe;
We were not made simply for play,
Nor to live for show and display,
 But to advance today and grow
 Tomorrow.

He leadeth in adversity
 We shall find,
If we confide and trust in him
 For he 's kind,
Doing his best for our welfare,
That we may e'er work on the square,
 Because it is known in his sight,
 Truly right.

The fairest souls are to be found
 Here below
Among the suffering and tried,
 As things show:
Somehow they submit to fortune,
Oft singing in pain some sweet tune;
 Such always overcome the flesh,
 Living fresh.

This shows that it is not always
 For the best,

To live constantly in sunshine
 To find rest;
Nor to revel in green meadows,
Nor to enjoy softest pillows,
 But suffer for others' best,
 To find rest.

So let the Lord lead, as he will,
 And be still,
Holding fast his all-guiding hand
 And he'll fill
In the public and private way,
The soul with joy every day,
 Thus developing lasting life
 By just strife.

So God becomes the good Shepherd
 To conduct
His children in the dark and light
 And induct
Them safely to the better land,
To love and work with seraph band,
 In growing character e'ermore,
 On safe shore.

Therefore, trust in his leadership
 And be strong
In faith, as was his Beloved Son
 And live long

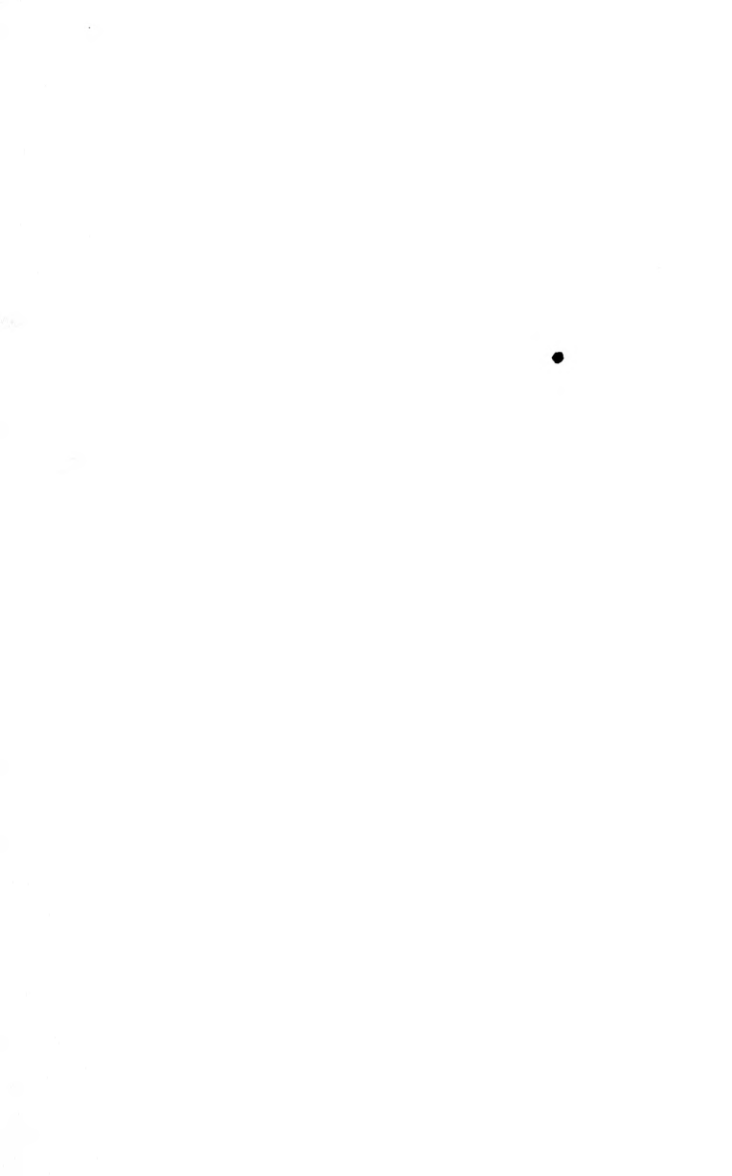
Doing good, blessing God and man
Being a devoted almsman
While upon earth and then above,
Where all's love.

INTO THE SPIRIT LAND.

Into the Spirit Land,
Who will lead us thither?
As adversity smites, thick clouds gather
And countless falter and fall on the strand?
Why, the dear Christ's right hand
Will sure conduct thither
Into the Spirit Land!

Into the Spirit Land
From saddest condition,
He leads upward with happiest vision
Of perfect works by the seraphic band
Who for right, love and truth
Do receive fruition,
Having entered the Spirit Land.

This makes the Spirit Land
Blissful and attractive,
Inhabited by those of pure motive,
Striving to fulfil each divine command
And all truth understand,
Making life progressive
Sure, in the Spirit Land.



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